

bustle, and excitement had all subsided, immediately after the death of Mr. Rayne, Honor had stolen into the room where he lay, in the depths of a handsome coffin, sleeping his eternal sleep, and throwing herself on her knees beside him, she bowed down her head until her own fair, warm cheek rested against the icy cold face of the dead man she loved, here she neither wept nor moaned, but in silent, tearless anguish mourned over her departed friend. She gently chafed the stiff, cold hands with hers, and smoothed back the silver hair from his marble brow, there was a load of crushing weight and pain and care down deep in her poor heart, but still no tear would come to her burning eyes. By and bye, when she had spent nearly an hour beside the lifeless figure she loved so fondly, Guy missed her, and suspecting her whereabouts, came stealthily to the door of the room where their dead relative lay, it was closed, but yielded to his gentle pressure, and opened noiselessly,—sure enough, there she was, still lying beside the dead smiling face, but now she was speaking, in a low, murmuring tone, such heart-rending words as brought the tears to Guy's own eyes while he listened, unnoticed.

"Lonely?" she was saying, in a long sigh, "Oh, yes, poor Honor will often be very lonely for her dear friend and parent, she will look for him in all the dear, familiar nooks where once she loved to see him, but she will always be disappointed, he will never, never see her nor speak to her again. Oh, I might have known," she rambled on, "that this was too much happiness for me—but dear, dear Mr Rayne, open your beautiful eyes and look at me. Just once again, in the old way—we are alone now, will you not say a little word to poor Honor?—See how I kiss you right on your dear lips, like of old, but your lips are so cold, I do not believe you feel or care for my kiss——"

Guy could stand this no longer, he feared the girl's mind would become demented if allowed to continue in such a strain; he stole over, and putting his arms gently around her, he drew her away from the figure of the dead man—

"Honor," he whispered, "you must come away now, this will harm you—you look so tired and ill already, you must take great care of yourself darling,—for my sake, do." Very mechanically she obeyed, and turned away. Guy felt as if in this mutual sorrow, they had been drawn closer